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with whom is associated one of the proudest epochs of its history, and even those who approved not of his conduct, blame in that modified strain with which men blame a generous youth, whose only faults proceed from warmth of blood and inexperience of the world. Sir Hudson Lowe need not congratulate himself on the appearance of this *Mémorial* written in his name, for although the main object is evidently to throw the blame of the treatment of Napoleon, upon the British ministry of the period, yet his own conduct in his supererogatory persecutions, is shown up (to use Cobbet's phrase) in grand style, and in a mock apologetic tone which is certainly very provoking. The book begins with an account of Sir Hudson's birth and parentage, his exploits at Capri, which proved an infinite source of meriment to the captive emperor, his expeditions to Roussillon, &c. The part which relates to the transactions in St. Helena, seems copied from the different publications which have appeared from time to time, from O'Meara's book to the present day, with respect therefore to any new or unknown matter, regarding Napoleon, we cannot offer any thing to interest our readers; but the manner in which Sir Hudson is made to speak of government, and of himself, is curious, and will be best understood by an extract, which will not, we presume, be the less relished for being given in the original language:

"Chap. 33.—On était toujours admirablement disposé à Longwood pour expliquer les actions les plus innocentes du gouverneur d'une manière défavorable à sa moralité, et souvent contraire à ses véritables intentions. On cria beaucoup contre moi, par exemple, parceque je défendis à mes officiers de rien écrire de ce qu'ils pourraient apprendre sur Napoléon, ou de ce qui pourrait avoir rapport à leur service auprès du prisonnier de St. Hélène. On avait aussi regardé comme un acte d'arbitraire révoltant l'ordre que j'avais donné aux habitants de l'île de ne communiquer en aucune manière avec lui: on regardait comme une chose invraisemblable, et même impossible, que mes instructions entrassent dans des détails aussi minutieux et m'indiquassent d'aussi absurdes vexations; et cependant, je le répète rien ne m'était et ne m'est encore plus facile que de prouver la régularité de ma conduite; car voici la copie exacte de l'ordre que le contre amiral Plampin, en croisière alors à Sainte-Hélène reçut des bureaux de l'amirauté.

"Bureaux de l'amirauté 13 Sept. 1817.—Monsieur le contre-amiral, les lords commissaires de l'amirauté ayant donné leur attention à un ouvrage publié par M. Warden, ex-chirurgien du vaisseau le *Northumberland*, leurs seigneuries m'ont ordonné de vous signifier que vous ayez à faire savoir à tous les officiers employés sous vos ordres qu'ils doivent s'attendre à encourir tout le déplaisir de leurs seigneuries, s'ils se permettaient de publier aucun des renseignements qu'ils auraient pu recueillir dans leur emploi officiel à Sainte-Hélène.

John Barrow.

On peut voir, d'après cette lettre, quelle importance le cabinet britannique attachait à ce que rien de ce qui concernait Napoléon ne transpirât en Europe. Tout odieuse que paraît d'abord cette politique, et tout odieuse qu'elle est en effet, il est aisé de la concevoir.—Napoleon avait laissé de si grands, de si brillants souvenirs! Les sillons qu'avait creusés les roues de son char de victoire étaient encore si profonds, qu'on redoutait tout ce qui pouvait

le rappeler à des peuples pour qui son nom était un talisman de gloire, et aurait pu devenir pour eux, plus tard peut-être, un talisman de liberté. Le sol européen frémissait encore de la secousse terrible causée par la chute du colosse; le manège monarchique était encore tout froissé du brutal attouchement du soldat hardi qui avait osé porter la main sur la pourpre légitime. On voulait, avant tout, effacer le nom de Bonaparte de la mémoire des Nations.

Et maintenant que tout danger est passé, maintenant que la mort de Napoléon me permet de dire ce que, comme Anglais, je n'aurais jamais dit du vivant de Napoléon, je déclare que la crainte qu'inspirait aux puissances alliées, et principalement à l'une d'elles, cet homme jadis si fort était bien au-delà de ce qu'on en laissait paraître. Captif et relégué sur un rocher qu'on eût dit jété par la colère du ciel au milieu de l'Océan, Bonaparte était l'épouvantail de tous les cabinets d'Europe: nos diplomates le voyaient toujours aux troupes de leur rois. C'était une ombre fantastique qui les poursuivait jusque dans leur sommeil. Quand on prononçait le nom de le guerrier, la monarchie se croyait ébranlée jusque dans ses fondements. La terreur du gouvernement anglais était moins absurde, moins ridicule peut-être car elle reposait sur la certitude que si Napoléon parvenait à s'échapper et à ressaisir sa puissance, elle s'était fait de lui un ennemi mortel qui devait travailler sans relâche à sa ruine. Mais cette terreur était encore exagérée. A mon retour en Europe, un membre du Cabinet, à qui je me plaignais de l'anathème et de la proscription que le trop de fidélité aux ordres qu'on m'avait transmis faisaient peser sur moi, essaya de me consoler, en me disant que je n'avais fait que mon devoir en obéissant; mais qu'on avait été bien naïf (c'est son mot) en tourmentant aussi gratuitement le prisonnier de Sainte-Hélène. L'aveu était naïf; mais ma curiosité était piquée, et je priai le noble personnage de s'expliquer plus clairement. Hélas, mon cher gouverneur, les niaiseries, les vexations, les méfaits, les tortures dont on vous a envoyé copie conforme à l'expédition des bureaux de l'amirauté et du secrétariat de l'intérieur, ne sont pas positivement du fait de notre cabinet, à qui certes on ne peut refuser le sens commun. Mais si l'Angleterre s'est rendue l'éditeur responsable de toutes ces sottises infamies, il n'est pas moins vrai qu'elle est beaucoup moins coupable en tout ceci, qu'on ne le pense. Figurez-vous que chaque jour le ministère était assailli de notes secrètes de tous les cabinets des puissances alliées; il y avait même un bureau spécial pour la correspondance Napoléonienne, dont les commis étaient fort occupés, il suffisait qu'un petit prince d'Allemagne à la suite d'une mauvaise digestion ou d'une trop abondante libation de vin de Johannisberg, fût tourmenté d'un cauchemar impérial, pour que le matin, en s'éveillant, il lui passât par la tête que cela devait présager quelque grand événement, et par conséquent l'évasion du tigre; car c'est ainsi qu'ils le nommaient presque tous. Et vite alors ou expédiait deux ou trois courriers à la fois à Londres, dans la crainte qu'un seul ne s'égarât en route. Les notes secrètes pleuvaient en masse dans les bureaux et dans ces notes on ne demandait rien moins, pour le tyran, que la cage de fer de Bajazet, en attendant que le terrible cachot d'Ugolino pût avoir son tour. Il fallait bien accorder quelques choses aux exigences de ces

gens-là qui autrement auraient déclamé sur le continent contre la perfidie de l'Angleterre, qui avait encore, auraient ils dit, le projet de leur lâcher l'hyène. Or, de toutes les injustices proposées on choisissait les moindres; mais cette espèce d'humanité était toujours de la barbarie, et cette ridicule condescendance nous a fait faire bien des sottises, nous a fait commettre de bien inutiles cruautés."

By this specimen, our readers may judge of the style of the whole work; the indirect praise of Napoleon, put into the mouth of Sir Hudson Lowe, is certainly a novel way of presenting the subject, and the same may be said of his naïf account of Napoleon's abuse of Lowe himself, for, besides what is plentifully scattered through the book, we have in chap. 49, a kind of summary of the sweet things said of him by the Emperor.

There is also in the front of the volume, a portrait of Sir Hudson, which is like, and yet a hideous and most gaoler-looking likeness, with the following cutting motto from the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

Cernis custodia qualis
Vestibulo sedet! facies quæ limina servet.

We propose to give a second and concluding notice of this work in our next number.

THE THREE TASKS,

OR

THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

(Concluded from our last.)

We regret that our limits will not permit us to give the conclusion of this excellent story in full, we shall, however, do it the least violence in our omissions that we can. The lady of the roguish smile, (we love smiling eyes in a lady,) catches the filley for Jack, by a blast on an ivory whistle. His third and last task is to rob a crane's nest on the top of a beech tree, which grows (on an island we presume,) in the middle of a lake, without boat or any kind of conveyance, and the poor boy cannot swim. For the sequel we resume the story:

"When Jack went back to the lake, he could only sit and look sorrowfully at the tree, or walk about the edge of it, without being able to do any thing else. He spent the whole day this-a-way till dinner time, when what would you have of it, but he sees the "darling" coming out to him, as fair and as blooming as an angel. His heart, you may be sure, got up to his mouth, for he knew she would be apt to take him out of all his difficulties. When she came up, "Now, Jack," says she, "there is not a minute to be lost, for I am watched; and if it's discovered that I gave you any assistance, we will be both destroyed." "Oh, murder Sheery!" says Jack, "fly back, avourneen ma chree,—for, rather than any thing should happen to you, I'd lose fifty lives." "No," says she, "I think I'll be able to get you over this, as well as the rest, so have a good heart and be faithful." "That's it," replied Jack, "that's it, a cushla—my own character to a shavin'." She then pulled a small white wand out of her pocket, struck the lake, and there was the prettiest green ridge across it to the foot of the tree that ever eye beheld. "Now," says she, turning her back to Jack, and stooping down to do something that he couldn't see, "take these, put them against the tree, and you will have steps to carry you to the top, but be sure not, for your life and mine, to forget any of them; if you do, my life will be taken to-morrow morning, for your master puts on my slippers

with his own hands." Jack was now going to swear that he would give up the whole thing, and surrender his head at once, but when he looked at her feet, and saw no appearance of blood, he went over without more to do, and robbed the nest, taking down the eggs, one by one, that he mightn't brake them. There was no end to his joy as he secured the last egg; he instantly took down the toes, one after another, save and except the little one of the left foot, which, in his joy and hurry he forgot entirely. He then returned by the green ridge to the shore, and according as he went along it melted away into the water behind him. "Jack," says the charmer, "I hope you forgot none of my toes." "Is it me?" says Jack, quite sure that he had them all—"arraha catch any one from my country making a blunder of that kind."—"Well," says she, "let us see;" so, taking the toes, she placed them on again, just as if they had never been off. But, lo and behold! on coming to the last of the left foot, it wasn't forthcoming. "Oh! Jack, Jack," says she, "you have destroyed me; to-morrow morning your master will notice the want of this toe, and that instant I'll be put to death." "Leave that to me," says Jack; "by the powers you won't lose a drop of your darling blood for it. Have you got a pen-knife about you? and I'll soon show you how you won't." "What do you want with the knife?" she enquired.—"What do I want with it?—why to give you the best toe on both my feet, for the one I lost on you; do you think I'd suffer you to want a toe, and I having ten thumping ones at your service? Faith, I'm not the man for such a shabby trick as that comes to." "But you forget," says the lady, who was a little cooler than Jack, "that none of yours would fit me."—"And must you die to-morrow, a *cushla*?" asked Jack, in desperation. "As sure as the sun rises," answered the lady; "for your master would know at once that it was by *my* toes the nest was robbed." "By the powers," observed Jack, "he's one of the greatest ould vag—I mane, isn't he a terrible man, out and out, for a father?" "Father!" says the darling—"he's not my father, Jack; he only wishes to marry me, and if I'm not able to outdo him before three days more, it's decreed that he must have me." When Jack heard this, surely the Irishman must come out; there he stood, and he began to wipe his eyes with the skirt of his coat, making, as if he was crying, the thief of the world; "What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Ah!" says Jack, "you darling, I couldn't find in my heart to desave you; for I have no way at home to keep a lady like you, in proper style, at all at all; I would only bring you into poverty, and since you wish to know what ails me—I'm vex'd that I'm not rich for your sake; and next that that thieving ould villian's to have you; and, by the powers, I'm crying for both these misfortunes together." The lady couldn't help being touched and plased with Jack's tenderness and generosity: so, says she, "don't be cast down, Jack, come or go what will, I won't marry him—I'd die first. Do you go home as usual; but take care and don't sleep at all this night. Saddle the wild filley, and meet me under the whitethorn bush at the end of the lawn, and we'll both leave him for ever. If you're willing to marry me, don't let poverty distress you, for I have more money than we'll know what to do with." Jack's voice now began to tremble in earnest with downright love

and tinderness, as good right it had; so he promised to do every thing just as she bid him, and then went home to his supper.

'You may be sure the ould fellow looked darker and grimmer than ever at Jack; but what could he do? Jack had done his duty; so he sat before the fire, sung "Love among the roses," and the "Black Joke," with a stouter and lighter heart than ever, whilst the black chap could have seen him skivered. When midnight came, Jack, who kept a hawk's eye to the night, was at the whitethorn with the wild filley, saddled and all—more betoken, she wasn't a bit wild then, but as tame as a dog. Off they set, like Erin-go-bragh, Jack and the lady, and never pulled bridle till it was wan o'clock next day, when they stopped at an inn and took some refreshment. They then took to the road again, full speed; however, they hadn't gone far, when they heard a great noise behind them, and the tramp of horses galloping like mad. "Jack," says the darling, clinging closer to him, "look behind you, and see what's this." "Och! by the elevens," says Jack, "we're done at last; it's the dark fellow, and half the country after us." "Put your hand," says she, "in the filley's right ear, and tell me what you find in it." "Nothing at all at all," says Jack, "but a weeshy bit of a dry stick." "Throw it over your left shoulder," says she, "and see what will happen." Jack, my dear, did so at once, and there was a great grove of thick trees growing so close to one another, that a dandy could scarce get his arm betwixt them. "Now," said she, "we are safe for another day." "Well," said Jack, as he pushed on the filly, "you're the jewel of the world, sure enough; and maybe it's you that won't live happy when you get to Ireland."

"As soon as dark-face saw what happened, he was obliged to scour the country for hatchets and handsaws, and all kinds of sharp instruments, to hew himself and his men a passage through the grove. As the saying goes, many hands make light work, and sure enough, it wasn't long till they had cleared a way for themselves, thick as it was, and set off with double speed after Jack and the lady.

The next day, about one o'clock, he and she were after taking another refreshment, and pushing on, as before, when they heard the same tramping behind them, only it was ten times louder. "Here they are again," says Jack, "I'm afraid they'll come up with us at last." "If they do," says she, "they'll put us to death on the spot; but we must try somehow to stop them another day, if we can. Try the filley's right ear again, and let me know what you find in it." Jack pulled out a little three cornered pebble, telling her that it was all he got; "Well," says she, "throw it over your left shoulder like the stick." No sooner said than done; and there was a great chain of high sharp rocks right in the way of divel-face and all his clan. "Now," says she, "we have gained another day." "Tunder-and-ouns!" says Jack, "what's this for, at all at all? but wait till I get you in Ireland, for this, and if you don't enjoy happy days, any how, why I'm not sitting before you on this horse, (by the same token that it's not a horse at all, but a filley though,) if you don't get the hoith of good aiting and drinking—lashings of the best wine and whiskey that the land can afford! We'll build a castle, and you'll have up stairs and down stairs—a coach and six to ride in—lots of sarvants to attend you, and full and plenty of every

thing; not to mention—hem!—not to mention that you'll have a husband that the fairest lady in the land might be proud of," says he, stretching himself up in the saddle, and giving the filley a jag of the spurs, to show off a bit, although the coaxing rogue knew that the money which was to do all this was her own.—At any rate they spent the remainder of this day pleasantly enough, still moving on, though, as fast as they could; and Jack, every now and then, would throw an eye behind him, as if to watch their pursuers, wherein, if the truth was known, it was to get a peep at the beautiful glowing face and warm lips that were breathing all kinds of *frangancies* about him. I'll warrant he didn't envy the king upon his throne, when he felt the honey-suckle of her breath, like the smell of Father Ned's orchard there, of a May morning.

'When Fardoroughah* found the great chain of rocks before him, you may set it down that he was likely to blow up with vexation; but, for all that, the first thing he blew up was the rocks, and that he might lose little or no time in doing it, he collected all the gunpowder, and crow-bars, spades and pickaxes, that could be found for miles about him, and set to it, working as if it was with inch of candle. For half a day there was nothing but boring and splitting, and driving of iron wedges, and blowing up pieces of rocks as big as little houses, until, by hard labour, they made a passage for themselves sufficient to carry them over. They then set off again, full speed, and great advantage they had over the poor filley, that Jack and the lady rode on, for their horses were well rested, and hadn't to carry double like Jack's. The next day they spied Jack and his beautiful companion, just about a quarter of a mile before them. "Now," says dark-brow, "I'll make any man's fortune for ever that will bring me them two, either living or dead, but, if possible, alive; so, spur on, for whoever secures them is a made man—but, above all things, make no noise." It was now divel take the hindmost, among the bloody pack—every spur was red with blood, and every horse smoking. Jack and the lady were jogging on across a green field, not suspecting that the rest were so near them, and talking over the pleasant days they would spend together in Ireland, when they hears the hue-and-cry once more at their very heels. "Quick as lightning, Jack," says she, "or we're lost—the right ear and the left shoulder, like thought—they're not three lengths of the filley from us!" But Jack knew his business; for just as a long, grim-looking villain, with a great rusty rapier in his hand, was within a single leap of them, and quite sure of either killing, or making prisoners of them both, Jack flings a little drop of green water that he got in the filley's ear, over his left shoulder, and in an instant, there was a deep, dark, gulph, filled with black, pitchy-looking water, between them. The lady now desired Jack to pull up the filley a bit, till they would see what would become of the dark fellow; but just as they turned round, he set spurs to his horse, and in a fit of desperation, plunged himself, horse and all into the gulph, and was never seen or heard of more. The rest that were with him went home and began to quarrel about his wealth, and kept murdering and killing one another, until a single vagabond of them wasn't left alive to enjoy it.

'When Jack saw what happened, and that the blood-thirsty ould neger got what he de-

* The dark man.

served so richly, he was as happy as a prince, and ten times happier than most of them, and she was every bit as delighted. "We have nothing more to fear," said the darling that put them all down so cleverly, seeing she was but a woman; but, bedad, it's she that was the right sort of a woman—"all our dangers are now over, at least, all yours are; regarding myself," says she, "there is a trial before me yet, and that trial, Jack, depends upon your faithfulness and constancy." "On me, is it?—Och, then, murder! isn't it a poor case entirely, that I have no way of showing you that you may depend your life upon me, only by telling you so?" "I do depend upon you," says she;—"and now, as you love me, do not, when the trial comes, forget her that saved you out of so many troubles, and made you such a great and wealthy man." The foregoing part of this Jack could well understand, but the last part of it, making *collusion* to the wealth, was a little dark, he thought because he hadn't fingered any of it at the time: still, he knew she was truth to the back bone, and wouldn't *desave* him. They hadn't travelled much farther, when Jack snaps his fingers, with a "whoo! by the powers, there it is, my darling—there it is, at long last!" "There is what, Jack?" said she, surprised, as well she might, at his mirth and happiness—"There is what?" says she. "Cheer up," says Jack, "there it is, my darling—the Shannon!—as soon as we get to the other side of it, we'll be in old Ireland once more." There was now no end to Jack's good humour, when he crassed the Shannon, and she was not a bit displeased to see him so happy. They had now no enemies to fear, were in a civilized country, and among green fields and well-bred people. In this way they travelled at their ease, till they came within a few miles of the town of Knockimdowny, near which Jack's mother lived. "Now, Jack," says she, "I told you that I would make you rich. You know the rock beside your mother's cabin; in the east side of that rock there is a loose stone, covered over with grey moss, just two feet below the cleft out of which the hanging rowan tree grows—pull that stone out, and you will find more gold than would make a duke. Neither speak to any person, nor let any living thing touch your lips till you come back to me, or you'll forget that you ever saw me, and I'll be left poor and friendless in a strange country." "Why thin, *manim asthee hu*,"* says Jack, "but the best way to guard against that, is to touch your own sweet lips at the present time," says he, giving her a smack that you'd hear, of a calm evening, across a couple of fields. Jack set off to touch the money, with such speed, that when he fell he scarcely waited to rise again; he was soon at the rock, any how, and without either doubt or disparagement, there was a cleft full of real golden guineas, as fresh as daisies. The first thing he did, after he had filled his pockets with them, was to look if his mother's cabin was to the fore; and there surely it was, as snug as ever, with the same decent column of smoke rowling from the chimney. "Well," thought Jack, "I'll just take over to the door-cheek, and peep in to get one sight of my poor mother; then I'll throw her in a handful of these guineas, and take to my scrapers." Accordingly, he stole up at a half-bend to the when out comes the little dog, Trig, and begins to leap and fawn upon him, as if it

* My soul's within you.

door, and was just going to take a peep in would eat him. The mother, too, came running out to see what was the matter, when the dog made another spring up about Jack's neck, and gave his lips the lightest lick in the world with its tongue, the crathur was so glad to see him: the next minute, Jack forgot the lady, as *clane* as if he had never seen her; but, if he forgot her, catch him at forgetting the money—not he, *avick!*—that stuck to him like pitch. When the mother saw who it was, she flew to him, and, clasping her arms about his neck, hugged him till she wasn't worth three half-pence. After Jack *sot* awhile, he made trial to let her know what had happened him, but he *disremembered* it all, except having the money in the rock, so he up and told her that, and a glad woman she was to hear of his good fortune. Still he kept the place where the gold was to himself, having been often forbid by his mother ever to trust a woman with a secret when he could avoid it.

Every body knows what changes the money makes, and Jack was no exception to this old saying. In a few years he had built himself a fine castle, with three hundred and sixty-four *windys* in it, and he would have added another, to make wan for every day in the year, only that that would be equal to the number in the King's palace, and the Lord of the Black Rod would be sent to take his head off, it being high *thrason* for a subject to have as many windys in his house as the King. However, Jack, at any rate, had enough of them; and he that couldn't be happy with three hundred and sixty-four, wouldn't deserve to have three hundred and sixty-five. Along with all this, he got coaches and carriages, and didn't get proud like many another beggarly upstart, but took especial good care of his mother, whom he dressed in silks and satins, and gave her nice nourishing food, that was fit for an old woman in her condition. He also got great teachers, men of deep learning, from Dublin, acquainted with all subjects; and, as his own abilities were very bright, he soon became a very great scholar, entirely, and was able, in the long run, to outdo all his tutherers. In this way he lived for some years—was now a man of great learning himself—could spake the seven *langdges*, and, it would delight your ears to hear how high-flown and Englihed he could talk."

Jack next proposes for a nobleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, that "flogged all the world for beauty." He is of course accepted, and the wedding is all settled upon; but just as Father Flanigan is about to perform the ceremony, Jack's old acquaintance, the smoking puppy, walks in, and plucks him by the sleeve. In the midst of the confusion which this strange and unexpected incident naturally produces, an officer gallops up, who claims Jack's intended bride as long since betrothed to himself. The lady faints, the officer forgives, and they twain are made one flesh, while the completion of Jack's adventure is given as follows:

'Now, Jack,' says the dog, "I want to spake with you for a minnit; its a word for your own ear:" so up he seands on his two hind legs, and pertinded to be whispering something to him; but what do you think?—he gives him the slightest touch on the lips with his paw, and that instant Jack remimbered the lady and every thing that happened betune them. "Och! tunder-an-ages," says Jack, "where is the darlin' at all at all?" Jack spoke

finer than this, to be sure, but as I can't give his tall English, the sorrow one of me will bother myself striving to do it. "Behave yourself," says the dog, "just say nothing, only follow me." Accordingly Jack went out with the dog, and in a few minutes comes in again, leading on the one side the loveliest lady that ever eye beheld along with him, and a beautiful, illegant gentleman on the other. "Now, Father Flanigan," says Jack, "you thought a while ago you'd have no marriage; but instead of that you will have a brace of them;" up and telling the company at the same time, all that happened him, and how the beautiful crathur that he brought in with him had done so much for him. When the jintlemen heard this, as they were all Irishmen, you may be sure there was nothing but huzzaing and throwing up of hats from them, and waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies. Well, my dear, the wedding dinner was ate in great style: the nobleman proved himself no disgrace to his cloth at the trencher: and so, to make a long story short, such faisting and banqueteeing was never seen since or before. At last night came; and among ourselves, not a doubt of it, but Jack thought himself a happy man: and maybe, if all was known, the bride was much of the same opinion; he that as it may, night came—the bride all blushing, beautiful and modest as your own-sweetheart—was getting tired after the dancing; Jack too, though much stouter, wished for a trifle of repose, and many thought that it was near time to throw the stockings, as is proper, of coorse, on every occasion of the kind. Well, he was just on his way up stairs, and had reached the first landing, when he hears a voice at his ear, shouting, "Jack—Jack—Jack Magennis!" Jack could have *spitted* any body for coming to disturb him at such a criticality—"Jack Magennis," says the voice. Jack looked about to see who it was that called him, and there he found himself lying on the green rath, a little above his mother's cabin, of a fine calm summer's evening in the month of June. His mother was stooping over him with her mouth at his ear, striving to waken him, by shouting and shaking him out of his sleep. "Tunder-an-age, mother," says Jack "what did you waken me for?" "Jack, a-vourneen," says the mother, "sure and you war lying grunting and groaning and snifthering there, for all the world as if you had the cholic, and I only nudged you for fraid you war in pain." "I wouldn't for a thousand guineas," says Jack, "that ever you awakened me at all at all: whisht, mother, go into the house, and I'll be afther ye in less than no time." The mother went in, and the first thing Jack did was to try the rock, and sure enough there he found as much money as made him the richest man that ever was in that country. And what was to his credit, when he did grow rich, he wouldn't let his cabin be thrown down; but built a fine house on a spot near it, when he could always have it under his eye. In the coorse of time a harper hearing the story, composed a tune upon it, which every body knows is called the "Little House under the Hill" to this day, beginning—

'Hi for it, ho for it, hi for it still;
Och and whoo! your sow!—hi for the little house
under the hill!'

'Your healths—Father Ned—Father Peter,
all kinds of happiness to us; and there's my story.'